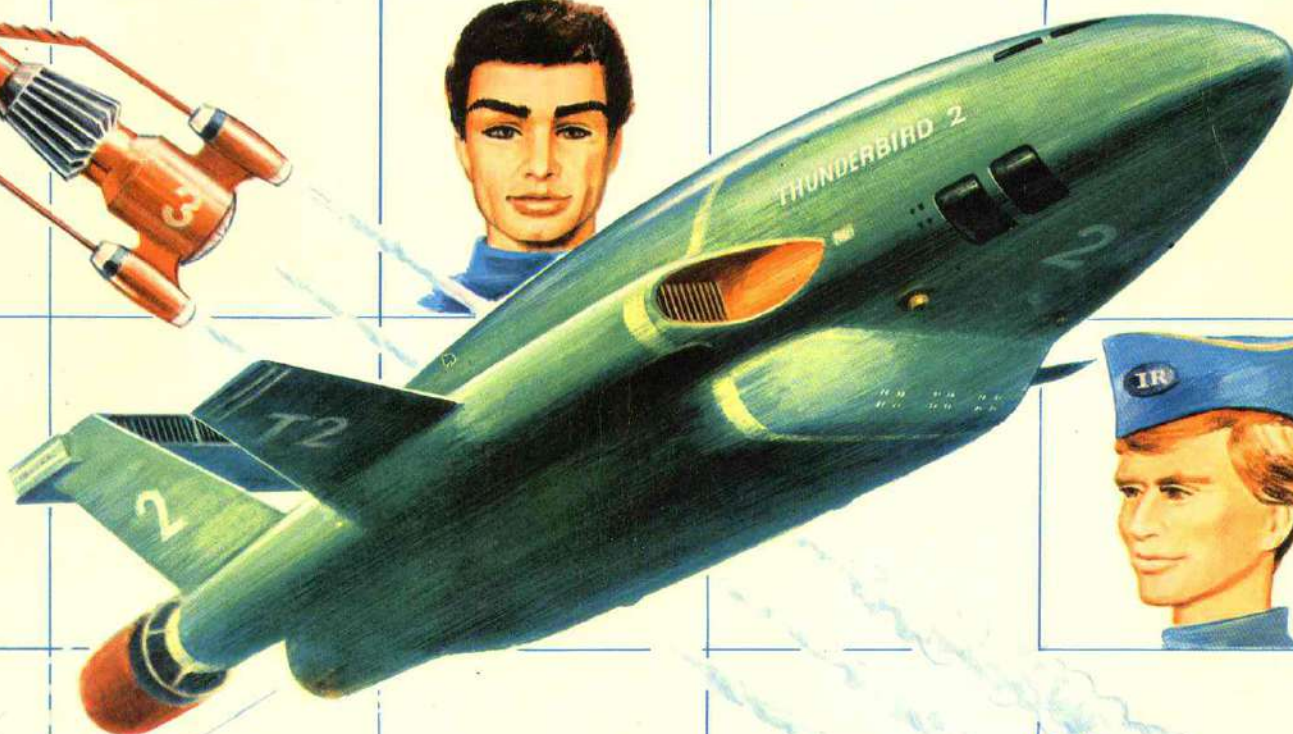
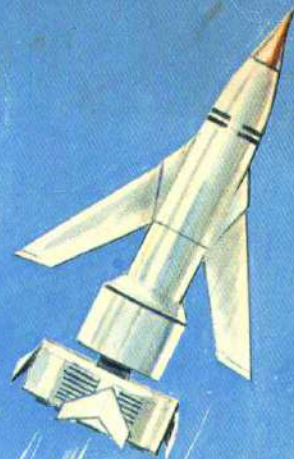


# THUNDERBIRDS



## GIANT GAMES BOOK

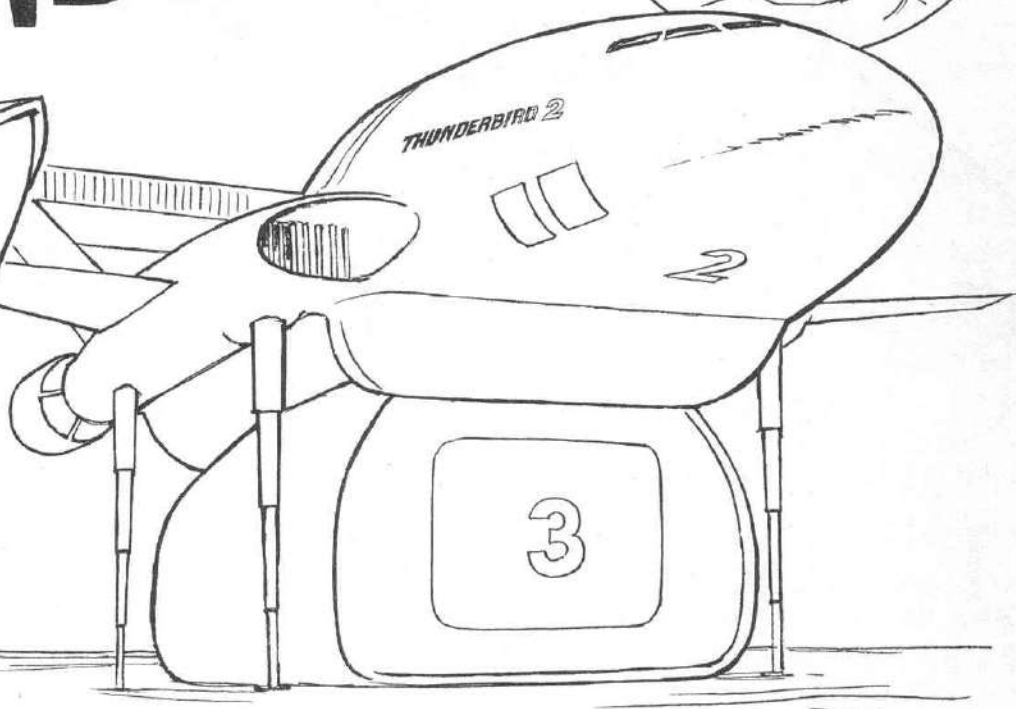
**GAMES**  
**PICTURE**  
**GALLERY**  
**STORY**  
**PICTURES**  
**TO COLOUR**



**2/6**



# THUNDERBIRDS



## GIANT GAMES BOOK

a storybook with pictures to  
colour and five games  
for you to play

WORLD DISTRIBUTORS (MANCHESTER) LIMITED



**I**SN'T she fabulous— isn't she just the greatest?" Alan Tracy, one of Jeff Tracy's five sons, lifted his eyes up to the starry heavens above him and sighed heavily.

Tin-Tin sighed wearily. She was leaning on a window sill overlooking the golden beach of the secret Pacific island—home of International Rescue.

A girl's hard, brassy voice warbled the closing bars of a record over Alan's transistor radio.

"I'd ride a space rocket to reach my love . . ." and then as the record faded, another took its place. "I'd dive into the ocean deep to find you . . ."

Tin-Tin closed the window with an angry bang, shutting out the din.

"It's Gloria Danger again," she muttered. "She's cast a spell on Alan. He seems more

interested in that pop star than he is in Thunderbirds."

By Thunderbirds the girl meant International Rescue—the group of wonder machines which had been founded by millionaire Jeff Tracy, and which was operated by his sons.

Tin-Tin was the daughter of Jeff Tracy's manservant, Kyrano, who made sure that things ran smoothly in their secret island headquarters in the South Seas. But Gloria Danger, the pop singer, was a new threat and one that Tin-Tin resented.

"That Gloria Danger!" she fumed to her father. "Just because she records her discs in apparently dangerous places to fit the words of her songs . . . like under the ocean or up in space . . . Alan thinks she's wonderful!"

"You don't have to tell me, daughter," he chuckled. "Twice recently, International Rescue has been called to her aid. We have come and what has happened?" He shrugged. "Nothing! This Danger Woman turns out to be in no danger. It is a publicity stunt rigged by her agent, Mike Cowski. Everyone knows it!"

One side of the wall suddenly glowed into life and the features of a television announcer appeared. His booming voice filled the room.

"News flash. An oil well fire has broken out at Ogle 7 Well in Texas. The owners are investigating the cause of the blaze . . . but meanwhile it is believed that the well-known, popular singer, Gloria Danger, is enjoying a brief holiday with her agent in the vicinity. We will keep the world fully informed of further developments."

Kyrano, no longer smiling, turned to Tin-Tin.

"You see," he said quietly. "An oil well fire and Miss D. just happens to be on the spot. I would guess that her new recording will be made right there."

★ ★ ★

The Japanese manservant was a true prophet. Already, Gloria Danger was at the scene of the disaster, her pretty eyes guarded by special polarised sun glasses. With her was her agent, a tall, thin man, who chewed gum constantly. He was dressed in a light lounge suit with a gaudy tie flowering from the front of his jacket. His name had once been Mihalovich Cowshovoloski, which he had long ago shortened to Mike Cowski.

Behind them, shielding their gaze from the eye-searing glow, were perhaps a score of men . . . all sound and recording technicians with their apparatus . . . the Gloria Danger recording unit. At one side rested a sleek, white streamlined vehicle which glistened in the reflection from the fire. This was the asbestos car in which Gloria was shortly to make her newest recording.

Mike Cowski clutched a microphone and signalled his sound studio manager, and began his babbled lead-in to the next Gloria Danger pop disc . . .

"That roar you can hear as I speak, folks," he shouted, "is the sound of the oil well that has been burning for twenty-four hours and will most likely keep burning for the next six months. Our experts estimate that the temperature at the centre of this whirlpool of fire is about 5,000 degrees. And our fabulous star here, Gloria

Danger, is going to take off right into the centre of it . . ."

Gloria Danger, a small pretty girl of twenty, smiled adoringly up at him. She turned and fluttered her eyes for the company publicity photographer. Then she minced across the sands towards the waiting asbestos car. She paused long enough to give a parting wave to Mike and then climbed behind the wheel. An asbestos hood slid smoothly over the car, completely enclosing her. The motor purred quietly for a moment and then the vehicle moved off, heading for the distant furnace.

From the secret island home of the Thunderbird organisation, Jeff Tracy had heard the report of this latest gimmick on TV news. Now he reached out and switched off the set.

"Trust her to make capital out of something like a major oil disaster," he muttered.

As he stumped angrily from the room, Alan turned appealingly to Brains.

"I don't know what's riling Dad," he complained. "Surely he wouldn't refuse to help Gloria if she got into difficulties?"

"Your father would help anyone in real trouble, Alan," he replied. "But we're not going to assist some publicity-crazy agent to sell a thousand more records—that's for sure!"

Even as they were speaking, Gloria Danger's asbestos car was threading its way across the floor of the shallow crater. Around her the flames raged in all their white-hot frenzy. She neared the centre of the cauldron and her breath caught in her throat. The front view video showed the core of the fire gusting from a great hole in the centre of the crater. Hastily, she put out her hand and felt one side of the vehicle.

To her relief she found that the panel, although warm, could be touched without discomfort.



From a safe distance Mike Cowski grinned as he saw the car disappearing into the swirling heat.

"That's my girl," he thought. "This gimmick should net us an extra half-million discs, maybe more. Sure was a bright idea of mine arranging for this little fire."

Hastily wiping the smile from his face, he turned to speak into a microphone which relayed his tones not only to his own recording crew but to world wide news agencies.

"Gloria, living up to her name for danger, is about to come on the air," he shouted. "In a few moments—in a very few moments—you will hear her voice coming from the centre of the crater. She will be singing the words of the song that I confidently predict will sweep the world—*Baby, it's hot in here!*"

"Okay, Yasha, hit it on Number Two." He waved an excited hand towards one of his assistants. The man nodded and slammed down a switch. A red light flared and the agent gave a hysterical laugh.

The crowd heard a tremendous roaring noise like the voice of a disturbed giant—the sound of gushing flames. Then Gloria's voice came struggling through.

"I . . . I'm right on the edge of the funnel. I can't see . . . I can't see anything but flames on the videos. It's so hot in here. But I know I'm at the centre of the outbreak. So right now, I'll open my mouth and . . . AAAAH!"

An appalling scream, amplified a dozen times, burst from the mike and then a frightened babble of words which sent a cold chill of horror through all those who heard.

"The car is on the edge of the funnel . . . the ground is breaking . . . the car's toppling. I can't hold it! I'm going in! HELP! HELP!"



Mike Cowski held on to the microphone with a hand that seemed to be glued to it. His dry tongue came out to lick his lips and a convulsive gulp of his throat told that he had swallowed his chewing gum.

His sound manager bawled in his ear. "Something's gone wrong, Mike. The girl's in trouble. Better send for International Rescue. They'll get her out, if anyone can!"

The ashen-faced agent gave a sickly smile, one hand plucking feebly at his gaily coloured tie.

"No! NO!" he croaked. "They might find out what I've done . . . I mean . . . this is just part of the stunt. Something . . . something Gloria and I worked out before. Hang on! Hang on! She's never let me down yet!"

In the confusion, parts of this conversation had been broadcast.

The radio waves soared from the earth into the calm sky. There they faded to a mere thread of sound until high in space they were caught in the antennae aerials of a strange satellite fixed for ever in the remote frontier of space.

This was Thunderbird Five, the Space Monitor, engineered by Brains and controlled by John Tracy. The sensitive filaments of the listening apparatus picked up the conflicting wave lengths and sorted them out. For a moment, John listened, frowning, then he slammed down a switch on the gleaming control panel in front of him and spoke crisply.

"Thunderbird Five calling Earth. Thunderbird Five calling International Rescue. There's been trouble at the Texas oil fire. It's still burning and that fool pop star, Gloria Danger, is right in the middle of it. She's just disappeared after calling for help. What do you think, Pop?"

On the secret Pacific island, Jeff Tracy, called out of bed by the emergency buzzer, snorted impatiently.

"What's the big idea waking me up for that dizzy dame?" he demanded. "This makes three times she's called us out. Third time unlucky. I'm not getting involved in any crack-brained publicity stunt!"

John's steady, controlled voice crackled in his father's ears.

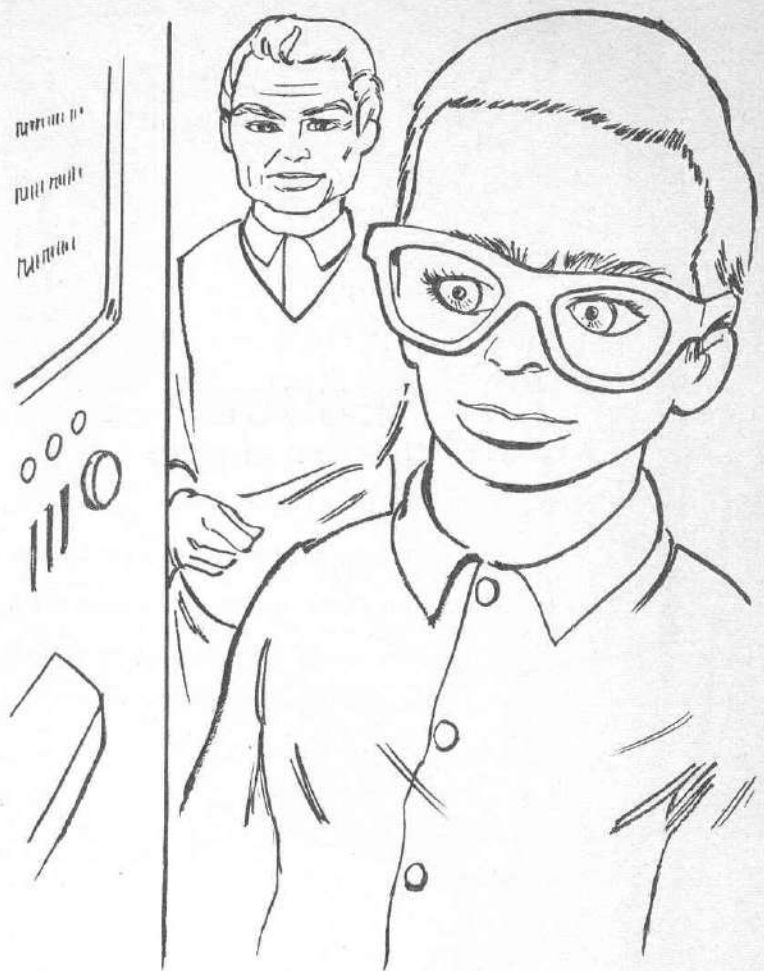
"Her agent claims it is just part of the act but I'm not so sure. I think he's scared and is covering up for something. The girl sounded pretty panicky just before she went off the air. I think she's in genuine trouble!"

Jeff Tracy was about to make an angry retort when Brains, sitting in his pyjamas at a control panel in his own room, cut in.

"It wouldn't do any harm to check on what's going on. Maybe this time the call for help could be genuine."

"And just how the heck are you going to decide that?" snapped the older man.

"I've got everything at my fingertips," replied



Brains coolly. He crossed to an automatic computer which stood at one end of the room and switched on. "I'll feed the relevant information we've already got on this girl and the type of craft—like so." As he spoke, his long, sensitive fingers were busy putting a series of printed cards into the mouth of the machine. Immediately it began chattering like an angry monkey.

Two seconds later, a perforated tape whizzed through a small switchboard and came out at the other end as clean, even letters on an illuminated screen.

"Danger woman entered oil fire in fibro-asbestos craft," Jeff Tracy read. "Well, we know that already. These fibro-asbestos jobs are almost foolproof these days." He turned back from the television screen, only to be recalled by a shout from Brains.

## **RESCUE**

### **2, 3 or 4 players**

Each player uses one counter.

Players in turn throw the dice, a throw of six (eight if spinner is being used) enables player to start.

Once started, numbers thrown decide how far forward a player can go.

Continue in turn around the board, remembering always to obey any written instructions.

The first to finish wins.

## **RING THUNDERBIRDS FOR HELP**

### **2 to 6 players**

First mount the Thunderbird models firmly in position on the board and carefully cut out the hoops from the centre page.

The board is placed on a table and the players standing approximately three feet away, try in turn to throw the four hoops over the models. The object is to be first to score forty. The method of scoring is by the numbers on the Thunderbird models i.e. Thunderbird 1 scores 1, Thunderbird 2 scores 2, and so on.

Be sure to remain the correct distance from the board at all times.





LOSE  
1  
TURN

GO FORWARD  
2  
SPACES

RESCUE

GO BACK  
2  
SPACES

GO FORWARD  
3 SPACES

IF YOU STOP  
HERE -  
DO NOT  
TURN

TAKE AN  
EXTRA TURN

LOSE  
2  
TURNS

GO BACK  
5  
SPACES

FINISH

START

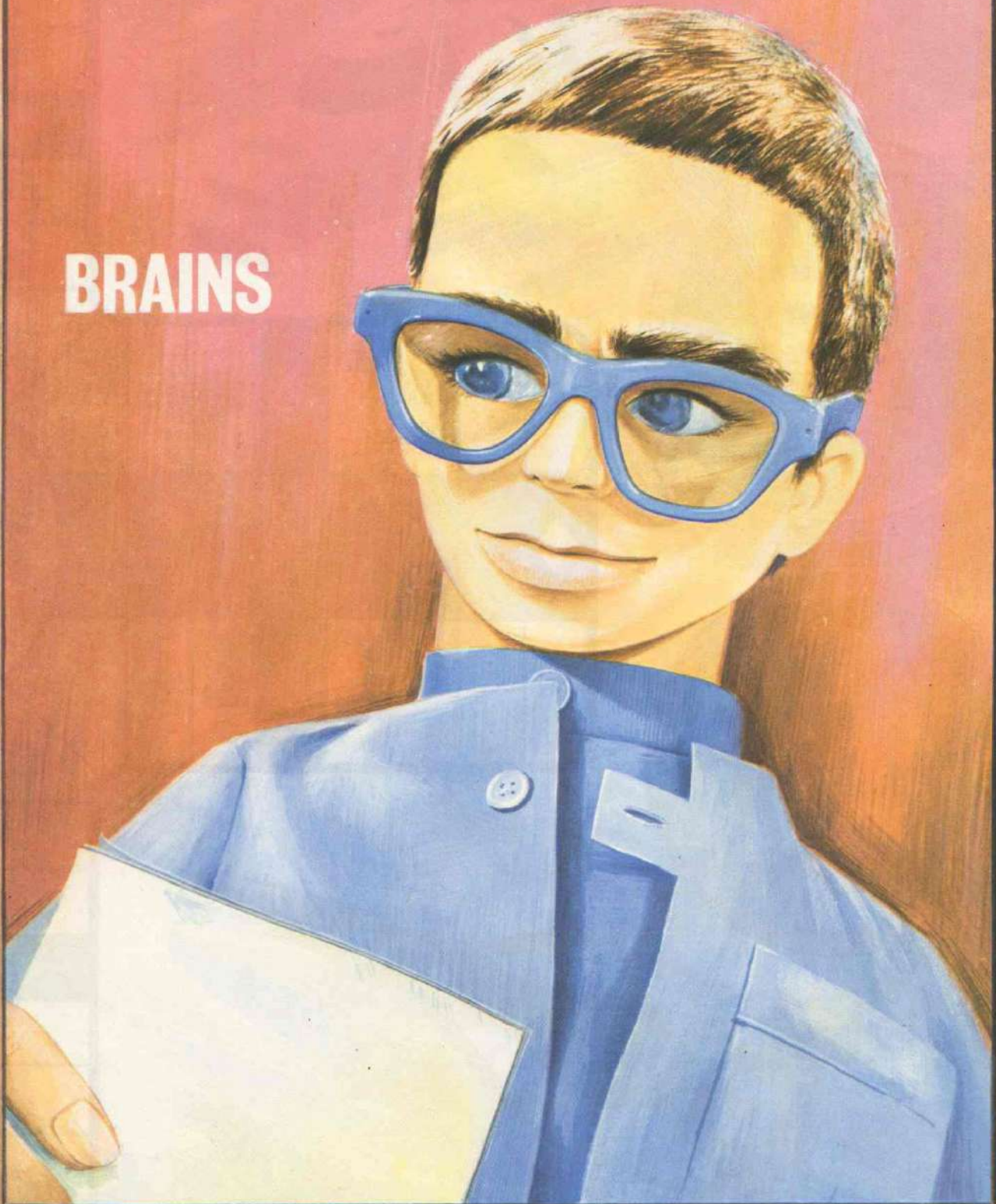


# RING THUNDERBIRDS FOR HELP





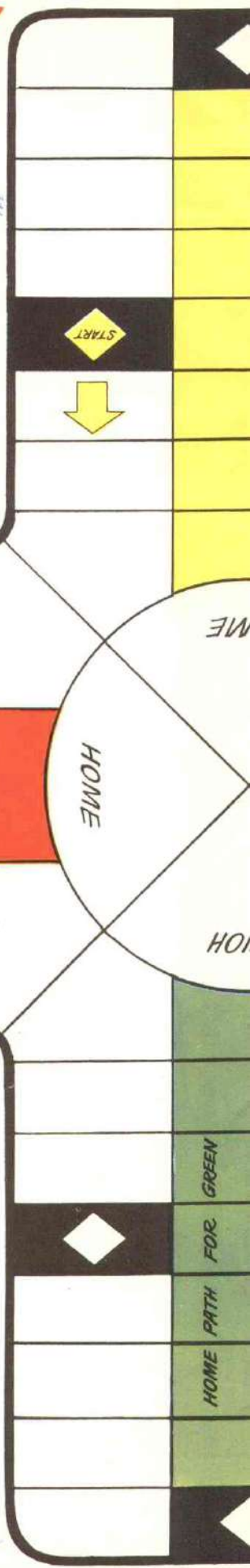
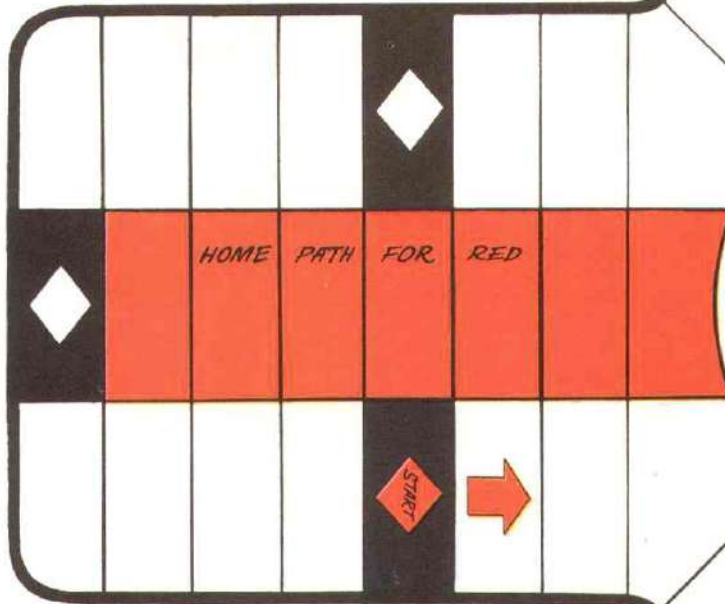
**BRAINS**







# ALL SYSTEMS—*GO!*

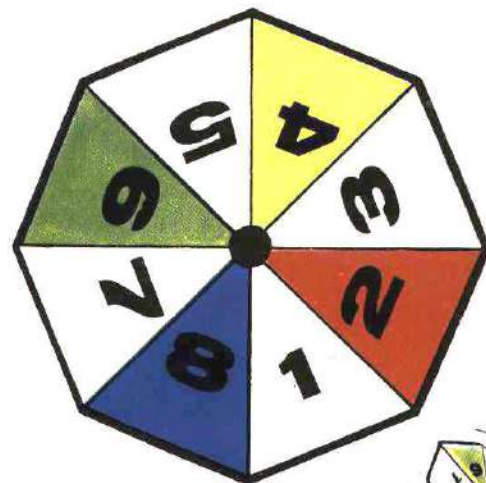
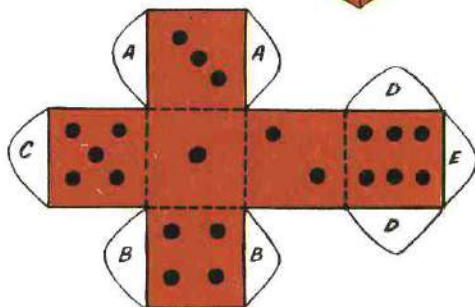
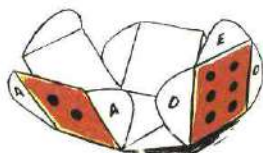






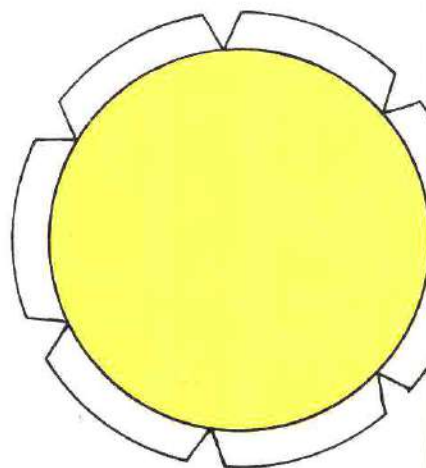
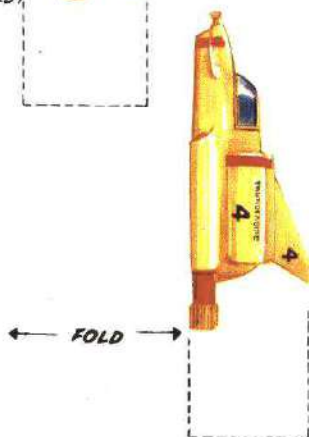
## TO MAKE THE DICE

1. Lightly score dotted lines.
2. Cut carefully.
3. Glue tabs (A) and (B) and make into an open box. Hold in position with pencil until firmly stuck.
4. Fold inwards, glue tabs (C), (D) and (E) and close the box.



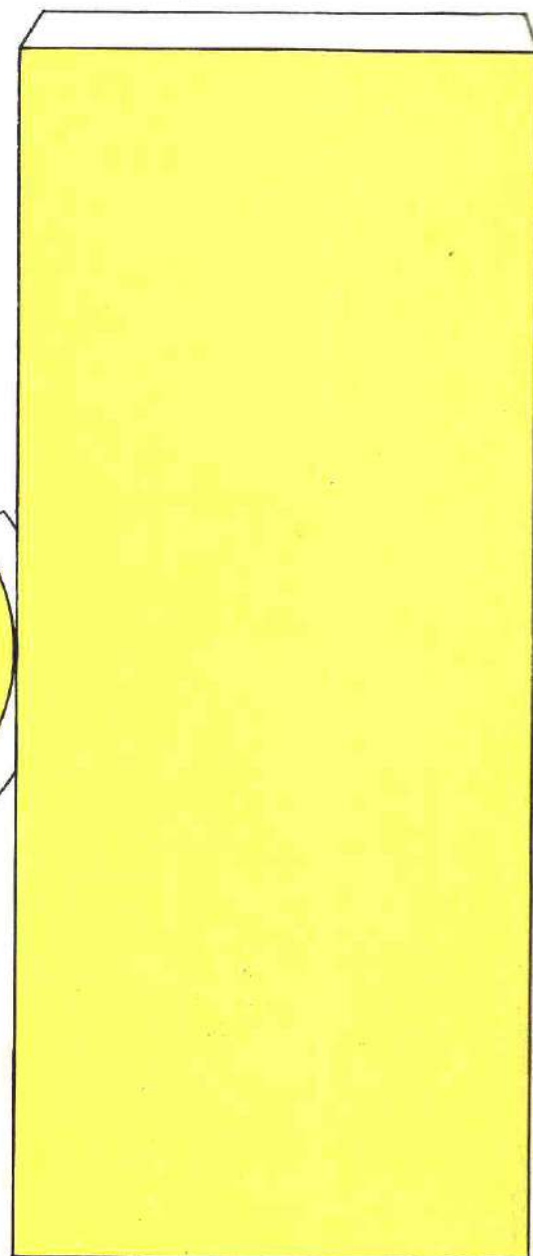
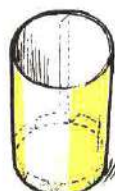
## SPINNER

Cut out and pierce with stick.



## DICE THROWER

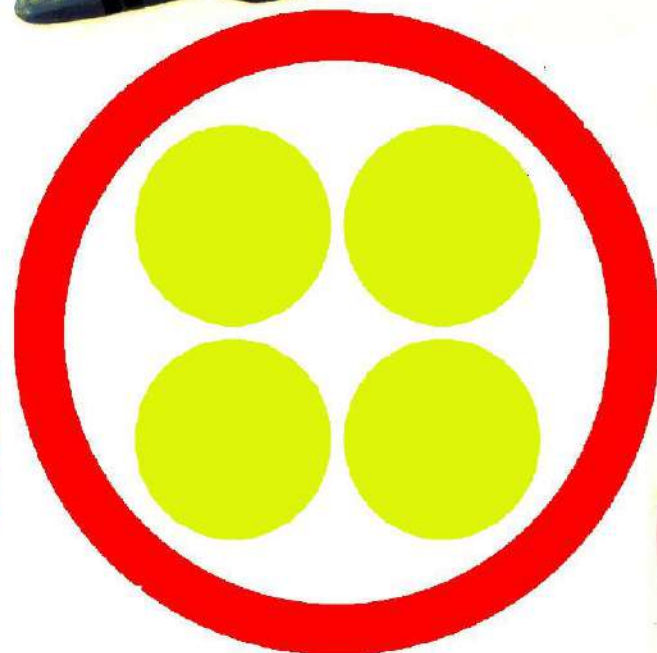
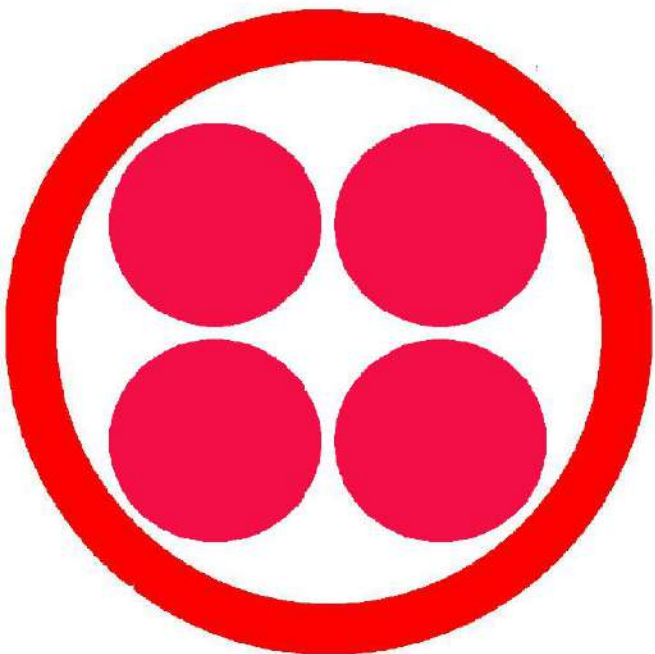
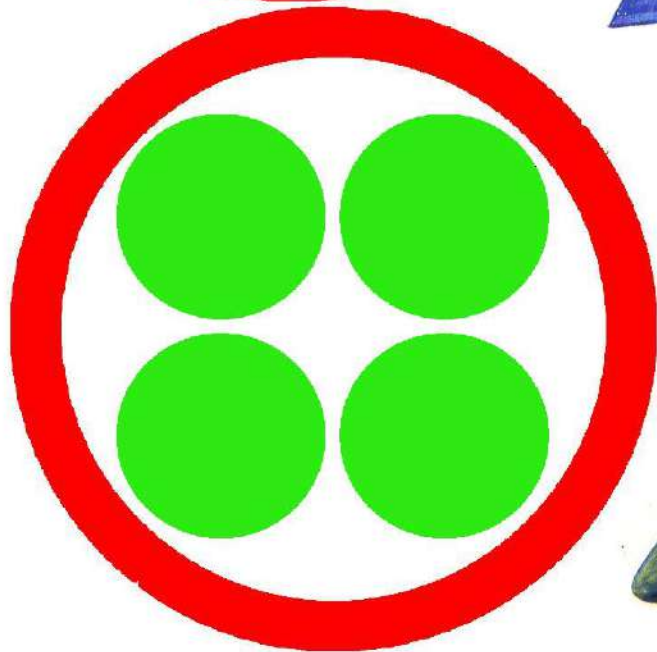
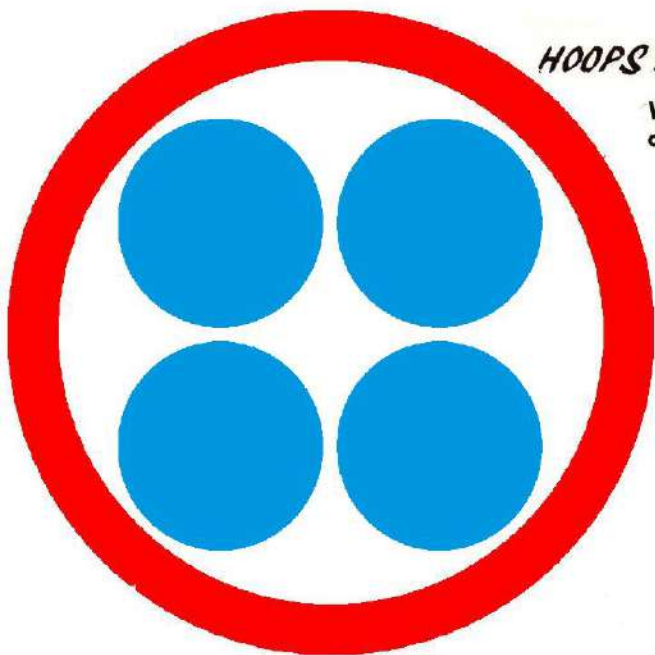
Fold and glue as in diagram.



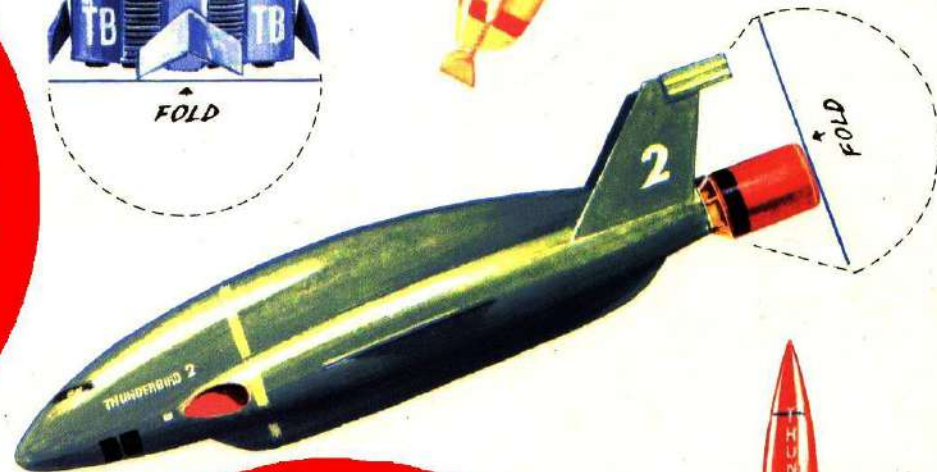


# HOOPS FOR RING THUNDERBIRDS FOR HELP

When cutting out hoops, be careful not to damage counters.

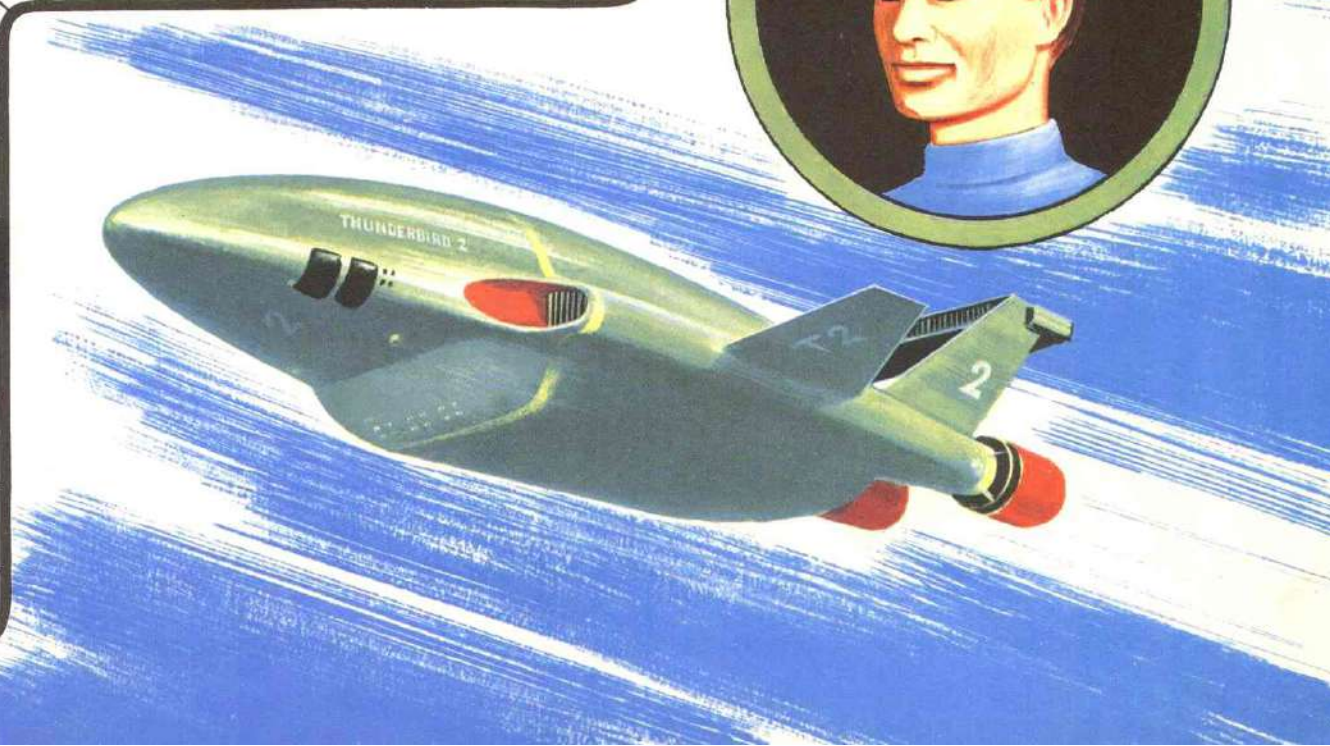
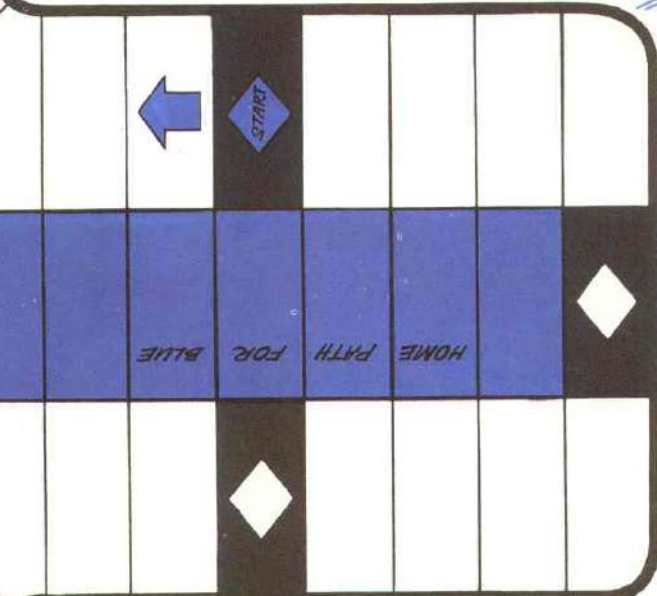
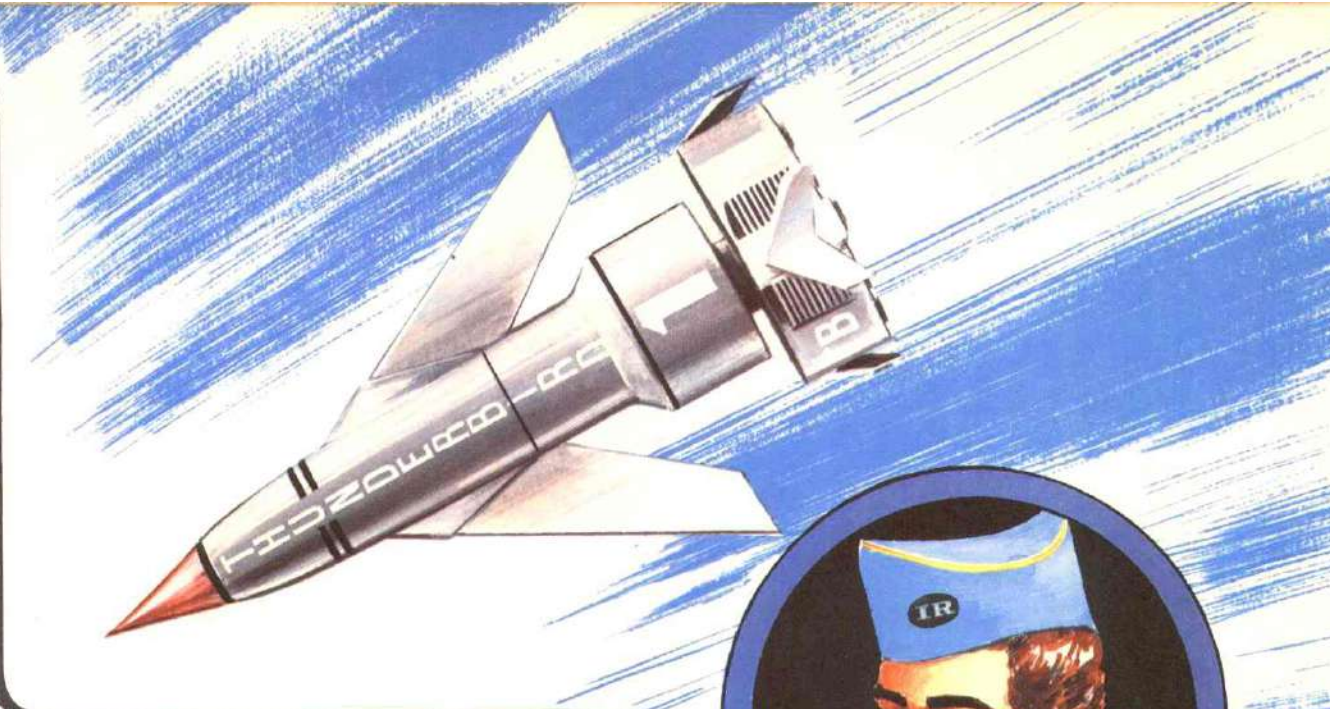
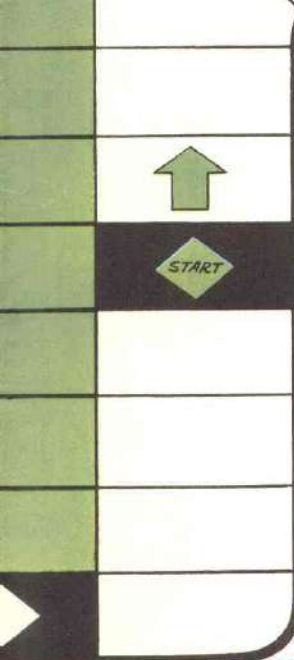
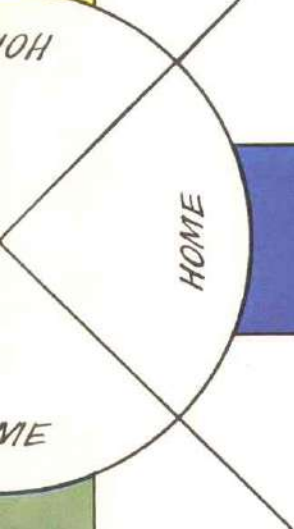
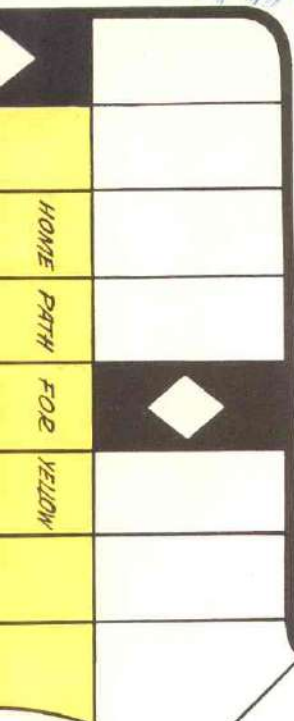


Cut carefully round models and dotted lines. Fold where indicated, then stick in position on "Ring Thunderbird for Help" board.





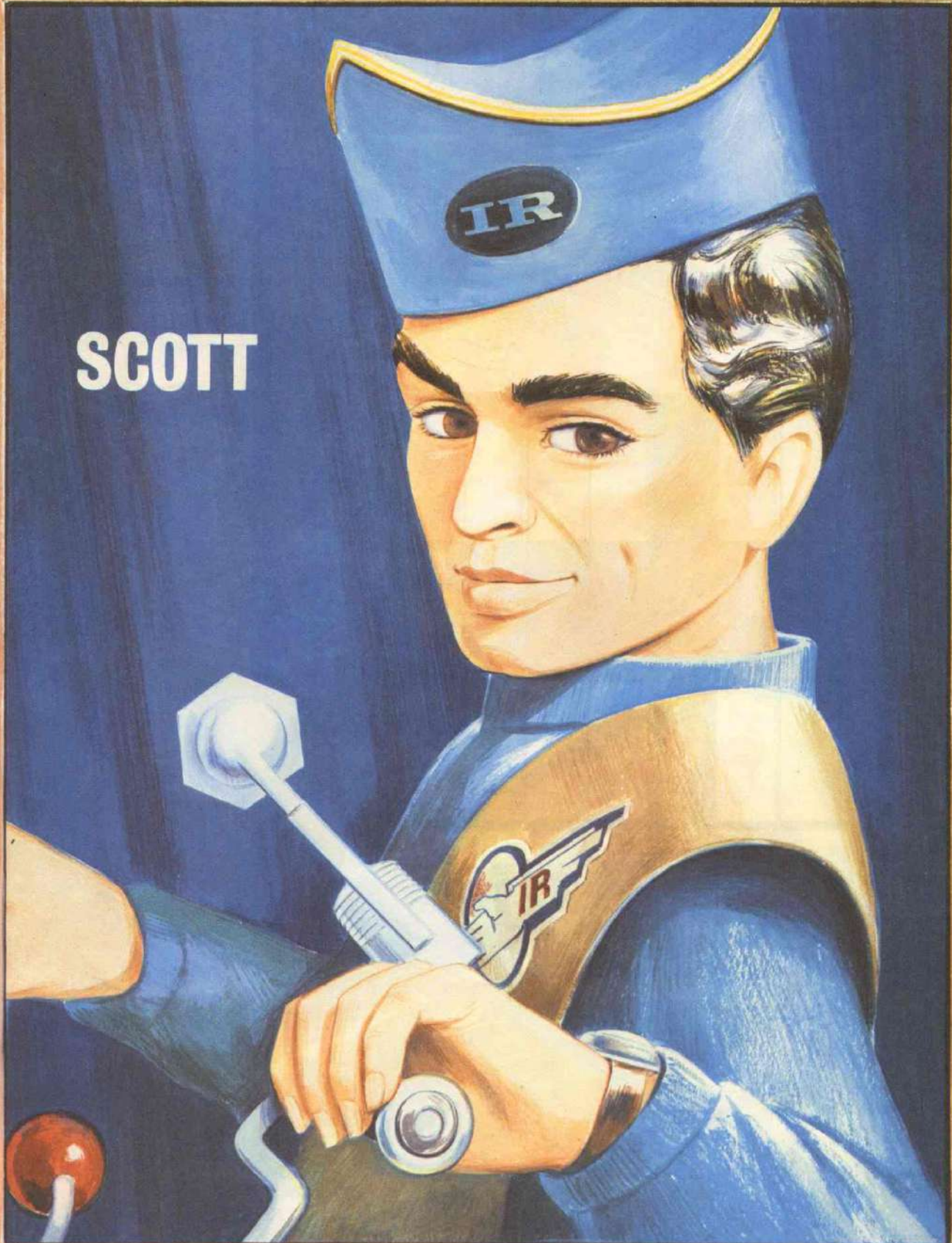




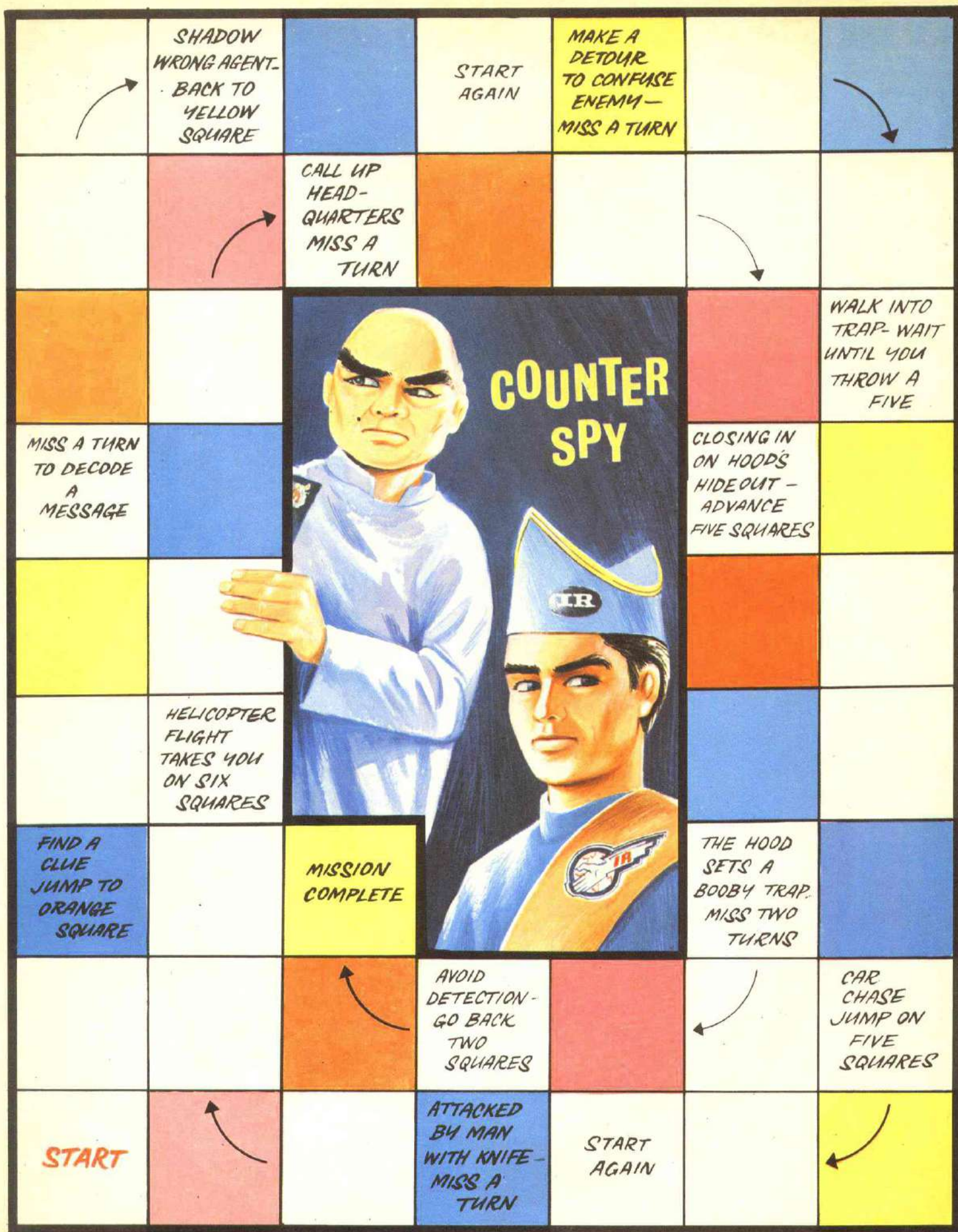




SCOTT

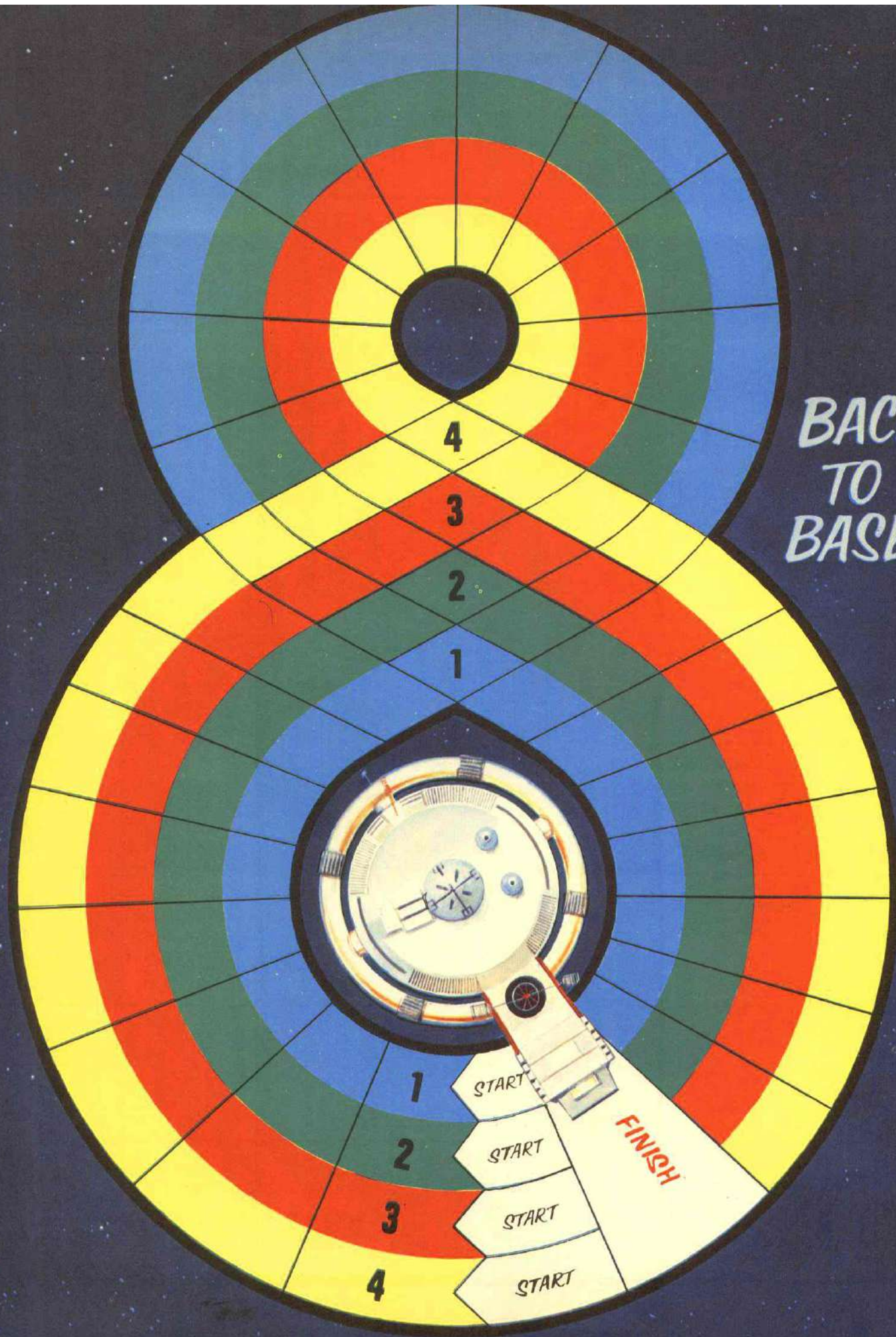








*BACK  
TO  
BASE*



## **ALL SYSTEMS GO!**

### **2, 3 or 4 players**

Each player chooses four counters of one colour.

Players take turns to throw the dice, the dice being thrown twice by each player.

The one with the highest score plays first. Thereafter, play progresses to the left.

The counters, called men, are entered one at a time at the starting point on the right of a player's home path. To start a man, it is necessary to throw a five or a total of five out of the two throws. A player moves one man the number of spaces indicated by the total of both throws, or he can move one man according to one throw and another man to the other.

When overtaken by an opponent on any space except a diamond space, a man is captured and must start again. The captor then advances eight spaces.

A man on a diamond space can be captured only by an opponent entering a man at a starting point. Two men on a space create a blockade, these men cannot be passed or captured.

The first pair rolled in any turn permits an extra roll of the dice.

The winner is the first player to move his four men home.

## **COUNTER SPY**

### **2, 3 or 4 players**

Each player uses one counter.

Players in turn throw the dice, a throw of six (eight if spinner is being used) enables player to start.

Once started, numbers thrown decide how far forward a player can go.

Continue to move around the board, always obeying the written instructions.

## **BACK TO BASE**

### **2, 3 or 4 players**

First cut out the small Thunderbird models from the centre page.

Fold them as indicated and then place them on the corresponding square at the start of the game.

Each player in turn throws the dice, moving his model forward as many places as the number shown on the dice.

The object is to be the first to finish.



"Hold it, Mister Tracy," Brains rapped. "Take a glance at what follows!"

"Let me see now," mused Brains in his vague hesitant way. "She's been down there, um . . . ah . . . thirty minutes. That gives us only another two and one . . . er . . . half hours. It doesn't leave us much time if . . ."

Suddenly, the door of Jeff's room burst open and Alan stood there, his face working.

"It's just come over the television. Gloria is trapped in that fire hole and she needs help. What are we doing? Are we just going to sit here and let her die?"

Tracy scratched his head vigorously and turned again to the screen where John had been watching and waiting.

"Message received and understood, John," he said wearily. "We're on our way—for the third time!"

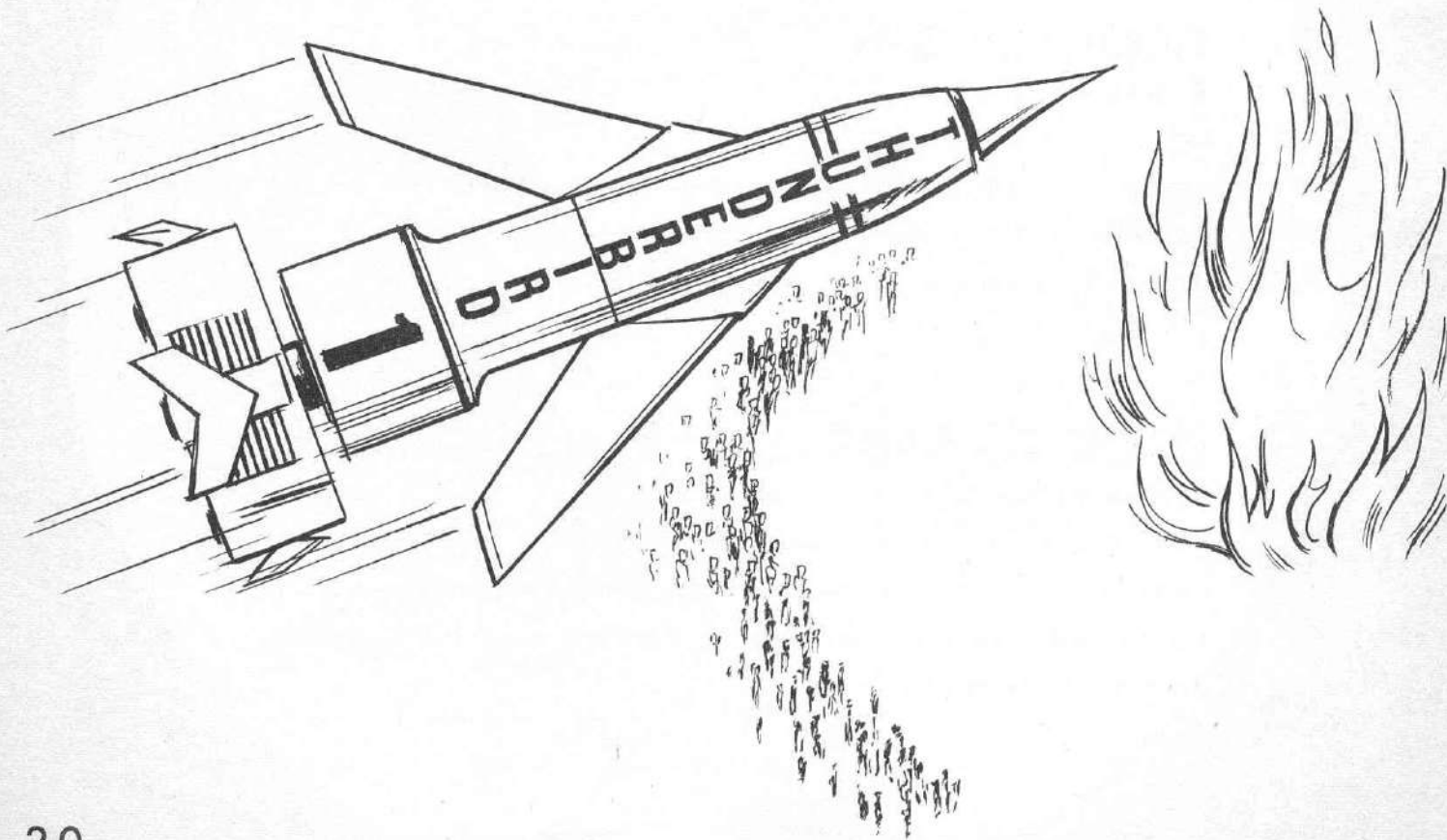
Jeff Tracy buzzed Scott's room. In actual fact the call was unnecessary because the young man was already wide awake.

"Scott, take Thunderbird One to that fire at Ogle Seven well. Report back on the situation there as quickly as possible. Meanwhile I'll make sure there that Mike Cowski keeps his camera-men well away. We don't want him spreading photographs of our top-secret apparatus all around the world."

\* \* \*

The burning crater gleamed through the dark like a bowl of fire. A distance from it clustered a crowd of spectators, undecided whether to stay or go. Some of the bravest had ventured within two hundred yards of the rim of the crater, but one look at those flaming carnation-red depths made even brave men shrink back in fear.

Mike Cowski, his eyes hollow and haunted, still hovered like a ghost some yards from the brink.



"Make no mistake, folks," he was shouting hoarsely. "Little Gloria's no quitter. She's going right down into those depths before she makes the record. You'll hear her any moment now!"

What the crowd heard was a long, thrilling whistle. Across the sky overhead, streaked Thunderbird 1. It turned, banked, and roared slowly back to land near the crater.

Scott wasted no time in making his report back to Thunderbirds' headquarters.

"Things here are as bad as we thought, if not worse. The girl is in real trouble, although for some crazy reason Mike Cowski still won't admit it."

"Er . . . Scott . . . any ideas how we might get at her?" It was not difficult for the pilot to recognise the diffident voice of Brains.

"There may be a chance of hooking the asbestos car out with grapnels . . . but it's a slim chance and if that fails I don't know what to suggest."

"I think . . . I think that I'd better get Virgil on his way in Thunderbird Two with the mole . . ."

"Then Virgil will be wanting someone to go with him," cut in Alan desperately. "He's got a volunteer . . . I'd risk anything just for Gloria."

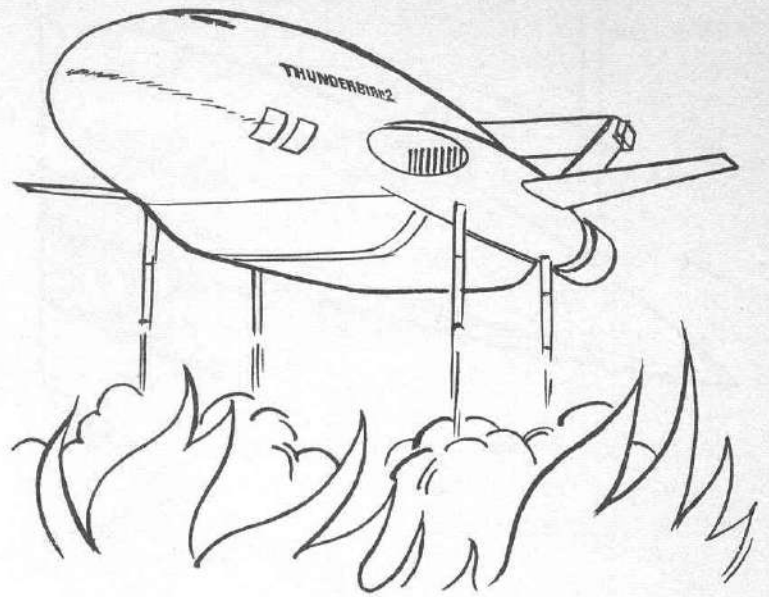
\* \* \*

It took the mighty Thunderbird Two a little time to reach the site of the roaring disaster zone. And time was what Gloria Danger no longer had much of.

Virgil fired his downthrust hover jets and swung the ponderous craft nearer and nearer to the howling pillar of fire.

Inside the craft, Alan Tracy leaned over to his pilot-brother.

"Come on, Virgil," he pleaded. "Get her closer.



We've got to lower those grappling hooks. I can see the car. It's stranded about fifty feet down the funnel."

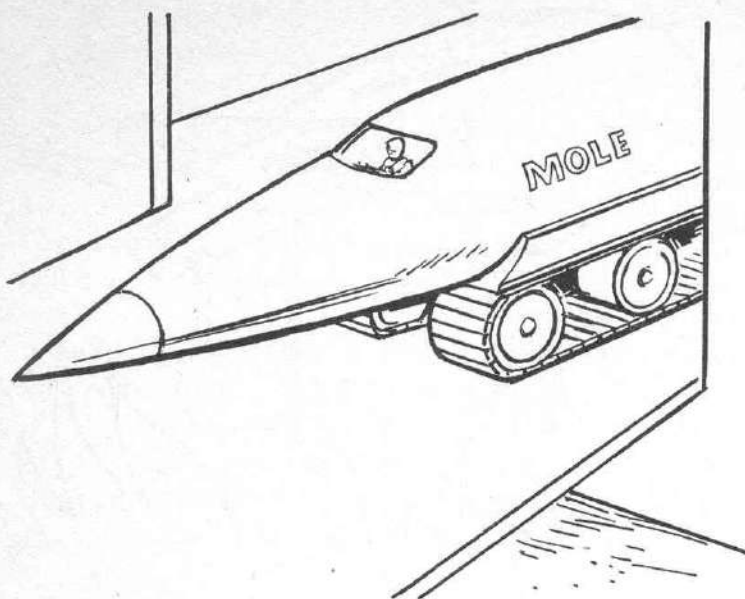
From beneath the craft, four mighty grapnel hooks were descending into the inferno. Dangling from toughened lines of incredible strength, they hovered, met the thick fiery murk and then . . . one parted!

One by one, the two other hooks melted into the depths of the crater, victims of the intense heat. The flames, as if exulting at their victory, hurled up a fresh blast of fire that scorched the bottom of Thunderbird Two. Quickly, Virgil drew the mighty ship out of danger.

"It's a tough one," said Virgil. "The girl's got only a few minutes at the outside. First of all, we'll have to try and cut off the flaming oil from its source. That means tunnelling deep and coming to the oil vent below the flames. Try to block the vent by shoving sand directly ahead of the mole itself. Once the oil is cut off, the fire should die down. Then it's up to you to get Gloria out before the car blows up. Good luck!"

The huge pod that had become part of massive Thunderbird Two had already been deposited on the ground. Now the end opened and the mole rumbled forth on its sturdy caterpillar-tracked carriage.





It halted some two hundred yards from the fringe of the crater. The long cigar-shaped cylinder on the tracks tilted sharply, its nose pointing to the earth and beginning to revolve rapidly.

Clips were released and the cigar prodded the ground. The revolving nose bit into the soil and rock and within two seconds had bored its way from sight.

Alan sat at the controls, tight-lipped as he watched the temperature gauge measure the heat of the rock through which he tunnelled.

Suddenly the rock-sonar indicated a hollow ahead . . . a vertical hollow.

Alan altered the pitch of the boring vanes. The mole quivered with the strain as it now moved earth and rock ahead of itself. The drilling nose created a miniature landslide which poured into the vent. For a moment, it looked as if the craft itself must topple into the column of gushing oil. Only Alan's steady fingers on the controls dragged it back. A cascade of sand plummeted down into the gaping vent.

The oil flow was choked.

More sand fell from above.

The dying flames flared in one angry protest. They flickered before sullenly dying away.

Inside the sweltering heat of the mole, Alan gasped with relief and wiped the rivers of perspiration from his face.

"Now I've got to dislodge Gloria . . . the rocks where she is must still be pretty hot."

He manoeuvred the mole so that it was now tunnelling vertically upwards, following the line of the oil bore, enlarging it as it went.

The funnel was choked with unburned oil, ashes, and fused rocks. The going was hard.

Eventually the sonar detected a different kind of obstacle above. It was the asbestos car.



The nose of the mole butted into the underside of the car. The lighter vehicle was butted upwards and shoved up out of the funnel. Once it stuck on a boulder and the car was in danger of being crushed. Then Alan's hand swept to an emergency switch. Pressure was eased and mercifully the boulder fell away.

A minute later, the mole appeared on the far side of the crater, its strange burden hustled along in front of it. As it emerged from the glow of the still red-hot crater, Virgil looked at his watch, one trembling hand wiping sweat from his forehead.

"Thirty seconds overdue and he still made it," he muttered. "Thank Heaven!"

As both vehicles came to a halt, Alan opened

the door of the mole and almost fell into the waiting arms of his brother.

"Better late than . . . never!" he panted. And then his anxious eyes swung to the asbestos car. The white-hot asbestos had cooled now and Alan staggered towards the car. But Mike Cowski was already on the spot. He yanked back the side door and a wild-eyed dishevelled pop star fell into his arms.

"Mikey, darling, I was so frightened down there," she sobbed. "And I didn't even have time to sing my song. I let you down. I guess I must have fainted or something."

"Don't worry, girlie," soothed the agent. "It's all part of the act. I engineered the whole thing . . . er . . . that is, I laid on this rescue as part of the act."

"You darling," she cooed. "I knew you'd never put me in any real danger. And I'm ready to try it again—any day!"

Without so much as a wave or a grateful glance she danced away, her arm around her agent's waist.

Alan stared open-mouthed.

"Cheer up, hero!" Virgil grinned. "At least, there's one girl who'll be glad to see you. Tin-Tin back at the island."

"Yeah, I guess that's so," Alan nodded. "And I'll be glad to see her, too, but first there's something I've got to do!"

\* \* \*

What that something was Virgil discovered much later when he went into Alan's quarters. He found his brother with a pile of records beside him, slowly and almost ceremoniously smashing each one, in turn, across his knee.

"So you've gone off Gloria, eh?" he asked.







Alan snapped the last of Gloria Danger's records across his knee, and nodded grimly.

"We rescued her from that fire," he said. "And that Mike Cowski gets all the credit. Is that fair, I ask you?"

"Forget him," Virgil advised. "There's just been a news flash that the International Arson Squad want a word with Cowski. It seems they suspect he started that fire himself. It's my bet that Gloria Danger will soon be looking around for a new agent."

"That's one job I won't be applying for," Alan grinned. "Now let's find Tin-Tin, shall we?"

They found the Japanese girl sprawled out beside the swimming pool. Beside her was a pile of records and a player going full blast.

"Hi, Tin-Tin, I'm back! How about that dip you were talking about?"

Tin-Tin slid a pair of sunglasses down her nose and squinted across the pool. She turned down the sound of the nasal-voiced singer on the record player long enough to say:

"Sorry, Alan. I've found someone else to console me. He's called Pip Squeamish. Isn't he just fabulous? Listen . . ."

As a wave of hideous sound poured out from the disc-player, Virgil bellowed with laughter.

"Tough luck, buddy boy," he shouted. "You've lost your dream girl and Tin-Tin's found her dream boy!"

THE END

# A GAMES BOARD FOR DRAUGHTS OR CHESS



W.D.L.

GB 4

